But tell me, where is Princely *Richmond* now?
Chri. At *Pembroke*, or at *Hertford*, west in *Wales*.
Dar. What men of name resort to him?
Chri. Sir *Walter Herbert*, a renowned souldier,
Sir *Gilbert Talbot*, sir *William Stanley*,
Oxford, redoubted *Pembrooke*, sir *Iames Blunt*,
Rice ap *Thomas*, with a valiant crew,
With many more of noble fame and worth,
And towards *London* they doe bend their course,
If by the way they be not fought withall.
Dar. Returne vnto my Lord, commend me to him
Tell him, the Queene hath heartily consented
He shall espouse *Elizabeth* her daughter,
These Letters will resolue him of my mind,
Farewell. *Exeunt.*

Enter Buckingham to execution.

Buc. Will not King *Richard* let me speake with him?
Rat. No my Lord, therefore be patient,
Buc. *Hastings*, and *Edwards* children, *Riuers*, *Gray*
Holy King *Henry*, and thy faire sonne *Edward*,
Vaughan, and all that haue miscarried,
By vnderhand corrupted foule iniustice,
If that your moody discontented soules,
Do through the clouds behold this present houre,
Euen for reuenge mocke my destruction:
This is All-soules day fellowes is it not?
Rat. It is my Lord.
Buc. Why then All-soules day, is my bodies Doomesday.
This is the day that in King *Edwards* time
I wisht might fall on me when I was found
False to his children, and his wiues allies:
This is the day wherein I wisht to fall,
By the false fayth of him I trusted most:
This is All-soules day, to my fearefull soule,
Is the determined, despite of my wrongs:
That high all-seer that I dallied with,
Hath turnd my fained prayer on my head,
And giuen in earnest what I begd in iest.
Thus doth he force the sword of wicked men

To

To turne their points on their maisters bosomes;
Now *Margrets* curse is fallen vpon my head,
When he quoth she, shall split thy heart with so
Remember *Margret* was a prophetesse.
Come sirs, conuey me to the blocke of shame,
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of bl

Enter Richmond with Drumes and Trumpet

Rich. Fellowes in armes, and my most louing fri
Bruis'd vnderneath the yoake of tyranny,
Thus farre into the bowels of the land,
Haue we marcht on without impediment:
And heere receiue we from our Father *Stanley*,
Lines of faire comfort, and encouragment,
The wretched, bloody, and vsurping boare,
That spoil'd your sommer-field, and fruitfull vine
Swils your warme blood like wash, and makes hi
In your imboweld bosome, this foule swine
Lies now euen in the center of this Ile,
Neere to the Towne of *Leicester* as we learne:
From *Tamworth* thither, is but one dayes march:
In Gods name cheare on, couragious friends.
To reape the haruest of perpetuall peace,
By this one bloody tryall of sharpe warre.
1 *Lor.* Euery mans conscience is a thousand sw
To fight against that bloody homicide.
2 *Lor.* I doubt not but his friends will flye to v
3 *Lor.* He hath no friends, but what are friends for
Which in his greatest need will shrinke from him
Rich. All for our aduantage, then in Gods name
True hope is swift, and flies with swallowes wing
Kings it makes Gods, and meaner creatures Kings

Enter King Richard, Nor. Ratcliffe, Catesby, with

King. Here pitch our tents, euen here in *Boswort*
Why how now *Catesby*, why lookest thou so sad
Cat. My heart is ten times lighter then my looke
King. *Norfolke* come hither:
Norfolke we must haue knockes, ha must we not
Nor. We must both giue and take my gracious
King. Vp with my tent, here will I lye to night,